FOUR WILL BE HANGED

Spies, Parsons, Engel, and Fischer Must Die To-day.

OGLESBY SEALS THEIR FATE

Fielden and Schwab Consigned to Life Imprisonment.

LINGG'S TERRIBLE SUICIDE.

He Dies in Agony Six Hours After Exploding a Bomb in his Mouth.

emed Mon Hear the News with Composure-Their Last Affecting Interstews with their Loved Onco-Mrs. Parsons Faints when Told Late at Night she Cannot See her Hasband Again-Erecting the Gallows-Gov. Oglesby's Heasons for for Six Hours before Death Relieves him Sina Van Zandt's Great Grief-The City Worn Out with Anxiety and Excitement-Careful Preparations Made to Preerro the Peace-Soldiers Under Arms. .

CHICAGO, Nov. 10 .- Lingg in heaven, or elsewhere, Fielden and Schwab in Joliet prison, and the four others pacing their cells in anticipation of to-morrow's noose. So stands the record of to-night. Louis Lingg is dead. There is no doubt about that, to begin with, le has kept his word and has not only saved his own neck, but has put the Sheriff, the jailer. the Governor, and everybody else into a bad hole. It was had anough to look shead to Sunday, as all wise men do, as the great day in this unprecedented drama, because, assuming that an execution will take place—and the reception just now of a card from the Sheriff admitting me to the jail "to witness the execution at 10 A. M., Nov. 11," would seem to indicate there is to be—there must be something done with the odies; and the law, as it is interpreted to-day, gives the bodies to the families or friends of the dead. That means a big funeral, a tremendous demonstration, and everything that can be done within the limits of the law.

Oh, what a day this has been! Horrors upon horrors; mutilation in a cell; suicide in the jail yard; consternation on the street and oom telegraphed from the capital-with these factors in your mind, it will not trouble you much to fashion the situation as it exists here to-night. The air is full of a subtle some-thing which finds its way into every lung and stirs the least consitive heart.
"I won't die on the scaffold," said Lingg ten

days ago. "I hate and defy you all, said Lings week ago. "I approach my last moment neerfully, but I will not go alone," said Lingg not forty-eight hours ago. Stripped to the buff he had been searched time and again, changed from cell to cell, his clothing taken and other garments put on him. He nevertheless, in some way, managed to conceal about his person, probably and not improbably, among his bushy hair, enough fulminating mercury or dynamite to blow up the entire jail if it had so

It excites no surprise when a mad bull, rushing through our streets, frightening inhabitants and overturning obstructions, finally dashes with headlong speed against a lamp post to his death. Why, then, should it excite surprise that this man, with his bad eye and his evil expression, after years of infernal utilization of his undoubted intellect, after showing to what length he was willing to go market bomb, after his impassioned utterand als contemptuous deflance, and his violent prating day and night, should, in the end, like any other infuriated beast, regard his own deruction with calmness, if not with pleasure?

THE TERBOR LINGG'S BOMB INSPIRED. Unhappily for him his suicidal purpose fell short of the ultimate. He did his worst and failed. Bang! sounded a report at 8:50 A. M. which echoed from wall to wall, followed by a tremendous cloud of bluish smoke. The thirty-day prisoners huddled together as one might imagine on the last great day the ignorant of earth will seek in bands to avoid the oncoming of the great upheaval. Terror blanched their faces, and added apprehension came from what they saw in each other's eyes. The jailers started to their feet, and, as in the olden times, men, roused from alumber from the rumbling of the earthquake, sought places of refuge, ran quickly into the open space, ap-prehensive of the falling of the walls and the

grand descent of the heavy roof. The condemned Anarchists, reading, writing, smoking, or whatever, in their respective cells, were transfixed with apprehension, wendering what next. No walls fell in, no roof came down. The smoke was quickly dispelled, and then, rushing in a body to the cell, the keepers found, prone upon his bed, blood flow-ing in a torrent from his shattered face, the tilated, mangled body of the most deflant of the gang.

LINGG PAID DEABLY FOR HIS CRIME.

Poor fellow! Yes, poor fellow, indeed! for while he succeeded in cluding the disgrace of while he encoceded in stating the distribution which would execution—a dreaded reputation which would have followed him for all time among his kinsmen and his friends, he paid more dearly for is crime. Writhing in pain, unable then and forever more to speak, with blood gushing from his lungs, through the orifice in his throat. his lower jaw gone, his eyes hanging on his cheeks, as those of men strangled on the gallows after hanging, utterly unconscious, and breathing so slightly that first he was deemed to be dead, was this extraordinary combination of self-conceit, mental stubbornness, and

THE WEAPON HE USED.

Imagine two cylindrical pens filled with fulminating mercury, closed at one end, holding a short fuse at the other end. This, it is supposed, was put by Lings into his mouth, the fuse lighted by a candle. Quickly burning, the communicated with the deadly explosive, and the end came. Had the shell been pushed further into his mouth or had he inserted it into his nostril, his head would have been blown to pieces. As it was, the supposition is that the heat was so intense that he could put the shell but a little distance into his mouth. and the explosion was downward rather than apward, because the tissues of the throat, the away, and the terrific explosion seriously damaged the organs of respiration, breaking, if not entirely destroying, the tissue of lungs and

He presented a sight which words fail to picture. No one was permitted near him except in the jail in the neighborhood of 9 o'clock. Mutilation is the nearest word that approaches the description of the poor fellow's face. His skin literally hung in strips. His throat was so opened as to reveal its interior. Every now

and then clots of bloody matter and great quantities of blood followed each other in rapid succession. It seemed to be a question of seconds only as to when he would pass away. His vitality was something wonderful. His nerve, his grit, and his power of endurance who, after this experi-ence, can deny, for although when conscious-ness came back to him he suffered untold agonies, he never groaned nor murmured nor

He was carried at once into an adjacent apartment, where the surgeons dressed his wounds and a commiserating reporter held him in his arms. Convulsive coughs and involuntary shudders seemed to start fresh flow-ings of his blood, and he shivered from head to foot. The rapid flow of the blood choked him, and it was found necessary to keep him in a sitting posture.

LINGO'S DYING REQUEST.

In the course of half an hour he moved his hand as though he would like to write. A pad and pencil were handed him, and he wrote in German: "I cannot breathe lying down: would rather sit up." To the inexpert and unprofessional eye death had set its seal upon his future, but the physicians were in doubt, or, if not in doubt, they were certainly very non-committal, for they ventured to express no opinion except that it was a toss up that he might live or that he might de, although the probabilities were in favor of his dying. After an hour or so had passed the dectors, and particularly Dr. Gray of New York, who gave most intelligent attention to the case, thought it not impossible for him to live over to-night and to-morrow, and the Sheriff expressed a belief that that would be the case, basing his opinion upon a similar occurrence of which he had knowledge of a man who was shot precisely as Lyngg was, who lived for several days after.

Although the general public were, as, indeed, they have now been for several days, excluded from the iall, those who are there by right form a by no means inconsiderable grobp; and as the word spread throughout the city that Lings had blown his head off, and the excitement born of extras, which absolutely flooded the town, affording the swearing editors a splendid opportunity for circulation affidavits, great crowds gathered about the jail, and those who had the right came hurriedly in.

WHAT THEY SAW IN THE JAIL. WHAT THEY SAW IN THE JAIL.

Such a scene as was presented they never saw before. It might well be termed ghastly. The narrow cell was spattered with blood, with teeth, with bits of jaw bone, with shreds of flesh, and pieces of solled garments. On the floor, with footsteps tracked, lay a trail of blood from the rear of the cell along the corridor to the bath. The furniture was spotted with blood, and the indescribable odor which comes from mutilation in general, and those attended by bloody discharge in particular, filled all the air.

comes from mutilation in general, and those attended by bloody discharge in particular, filled all the air.

Of all these interested in the case first arrived Capt. Black. A soldierly figure, with a good square face, in every line of which is written an honest determination to do what he believes right and best for his clients, good or bad. I looked at him with admiration, as with dimmed eye he leaned over the unfortunate fellow, who, opening his eyes, looked steadfastly at him, but, as he did so, the ragged strips of fiesh that hung to his face moved to and fro. Litterally overcome the Captain hurried from the cell, and instantly sought the officials the jailor, the Sheriff, the doctors, suggesting that a consultation should be held at once as to whether a man in Lingg's condition should be hanned.

Dr. Fenger said that it would be impossible to hang him, and no one ever heard of a wounded man being hanged; but the Sheriff did not exactly understand why there should be any need of a consultation. In his judgment the facts would soon settle the matter. If he lived, there was no reason why he shouldn't be.

This line of thought was followed, not only by the officials and the physicians and the counsel and the reporters, but by everybody in the city, and the universal regret was that Lingg had not carried his suicidal purpose fully into effect. The corollary, however, of more extreme regret was that the elasticity in prison discipline should be so marvellous as to permit a prisoner of Lingg's well-known disposition—of his acknowledged determination not to die upon the scaffold—to conceal on his person the material from which to manufacture the deadly missile used upon the secasion.

A CASE SOMEWHAT LIKE LINGG'S.

A CASE SOMEWHAT LINE LINGO'S.

The case of Gordon, the slave trader, who was hanged eaviy in the sixtles in the Tombs in New York was recalled to mind. Some of his friends, either emissaries from the rich Boston merchants who owned the slave ships and profited by the slave trade which he carried on, and for whose crime he was confessedly made the scapegoat, or probably his devoted little wife, who subsequently opened a candy store in Williamsburgh and married her chiefclerk, gave to him some boison, which he took shortly after midnight on the day before that fixed for his execution. He was found early in the morning writhing in what appeared to be his death agony. Dr. Hodgman the Tombs physician applied the stomach pump most successfully, but it was a grave question as to whether the man would rally sufficiently to warrant his execution. Robert Murray was Marshal of the district, and a very anxious Marshal he was at that particular juncture. Large quantities of whiskey were poured down the little man's throat, and like a baby marionette he was walked up and down and up and down by his attendants, who hoped against hope that he might be kept up until the final moment. Drunk as any lord when the hour came, a great glass of whiskey was poured down his throat, and, half carried, half draggod, he was taken, precoded by priest and parson, followed by guards and attendants, to the inclosure in the Tombs, where the boys prison now stands, and in less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson. Him, listless, and saturated with the essence of John Barleycorn, he was choked to death, and his besotted soul presented in that condition in the Court of the Most High. Had he been left alone, had the stomach not done its work, he would have died. They saved him that he might die upon the scaffold.

Such has been the unrowarded labor of the surgeons here. In spile of his wonderful vitality and all the care of expert surgeons. Lingilingered only until 3 o'clock and then passed away.

Lively work for the Reporters. A CASE SOMEWHAT LIKE LINGO'S.

Never was the enterprise of Chicago newspapers more admirably illustrated than on this occasion. In less than twenty minutes thereafter the Chicago News had an extra upon the street, very soon followed by the Heraid and the Mail. Subsequent extras issued by the News are a study in sensationalism. Five columns, each marked extra, stare at one, headed, respectively, "Suicide," Horror, "Is Dying," May Live, "Ogiesby,"

The first announced that Lingg had shot himself in the jaw and died instantly, having killed himself with a bomb. The next showed that Lingg was fatally wounded, unconscious, and dying. The next that he was still living, but could not live many hours. The next that there was a possibility of his recovering, and that in that event the Governor must issue a stay of execution. Exactly how many scores of thousands of these News, Heraid, and Mail extras were sold it would be impossible to say.

ALL THOUGHTS TURNED TO THE JAIL.

A drive through the streets showed very LIVELY WORK FOR THE REPORTERS.

ALL THOUGHTS TUENED TO THE JAIL.

A drive through the streets showed very clearly the temper and condition of the public mind. All business was suspended, strangers told each other the news and discussed the situation. Waiters informed guests in the hotels, and guests who never met before talked with unleigned interest with each other about the extraordinary developments. Groups gathered at the corners and vacant lots fronting the lake. Clerks chatted with customers. Drivers talked with their patrons, carrassed the probabilities, and every man, woman, and child in this vast amplitudinous aggregation of humanity knew that the culmination was approaching, and that one of the condemned men had carried out his threat. It was not too much to expect that others, or their friends, would follow soon.

CENSURING THE GOVERNOR.

Now, do not run away with the idea that Chicago is in any tumult, or that there is any wild boisterousness on the street, or that there is any wild boisterousness on the street, or that there is any timidity on the part of the authorities. There is a universal feeling that Gov. Oglesby is not competent to fill the bill. I have heard it in newspaper sanctums, in lawyers offices, in ministers' studies, at the dining tables of hotols, in the cafes, the barrooms, the theatree, and on the streets of the city, that it was not only an outrage toward the condemned themselves, but that it was a most infelicitious exhibition of timidity and almost cowardies on the part of the Governor, which was a disgrace to the State, and which threatened possible disaster to the peace and comfort and well being of this city, infinitely more than any of the throats which, until the meeting of May, 1886, were bombastic in the extreme, of all the Anarchists combined. It is regarded as a most extraordinary feature of the case that the Governor should not have signed the death warrant a week ago or have intimated clearly his purpose of commutation of the sentences of some and the carrying out of the sentences of some and the carrying out of the sentences of others. Adverse criticism is heard everywhere upon his course yesterday. Why he should have permitted the women and children to so and make a dramate, athough most numbers and, the is an old man, a good old man, one who has hereforer dealt with public questions not only with honesty, but with sturdiness and with purpose along the line of public weal, and therefore men heatage to criticise him harshly now, but cannot refrain from

expressing their surprise, and in very many instances their indignation, at his hesitating and vaciliating course.

Among others who heard the news of the suicide was a lunatic by the name of Anderson. He was taken from his home to the police station this morning, and put in an ambulance to be carried to the insane ward of the county hospital. The newsboys upon the street calling out their extras with the word that Lingg had committed suicide, attracted his attention, and lunatic as he was, he concluded that what was good for the Lingg goose was good for the Anderson gander, and without asying a word as to his purposes here or hereafter, he quietly drew a razor from his pocket and cut his throat from ear to ear.

was good for the Lings goose was good for the Anderson gander, and without saying a word as to his purposes here or hereafter, he quietly drew a razor from his pocket and cut his throat from ear to ear.

What seemed before the news of the commutation was known a significant straw was that while all the Anarchists, with the exception of Fielden and Schwab, were removed from the cells occupied last night to others today, the two mentioned were not disturbed. Nothing had then come from the Governor, but the general feeling was that while he would yield to his mereiful tendencies so far as to commute the punishment of Fielden, who was the most blatanttalker of them all, and Schwab, who was, to be sure nothing but an echo of Spies, who was chief editor of the paper of which he was subordinate. The others, five in number, counting Lingg as one, would be hanged to-morrow not later than 12 o'clock.

It is not at all improbable or unreasonable to suppose that some quiet hint was given to the Sheriff. It surely would not have been fair to him, physically considered only, to notify him to-night that he must heap these people to-morrow, and it would savor somewhat of perfunctory impertinence if he were allowed to go on with his preparations for an execution to-morrow if the Governor had concluded to commute the sentences of them all. So it was generally thought that the four men would be hanged to-morrow and that the two, Fielden and Schwab, would be relegated to the penitentiary for life, which, of course, means an ultimate pardon, and at no later date than that when the socialistic element in the State shall have shown itself numerically strong enough to be worth the attention of time-serving politicians.

Spies and Fischer and Parsons and Engel

searchino the criminals.

Spies and Fischer and Parsons and Engel were carefully searched. Their clothing was taken from them and submitted to closest scrutiny, and new suits made by order of the Sheriff were put upon them. Those clothes had been in readiness several days, and were to have been put upon them to-day anyhow. They were changed again to other cells this afternoon, and it is not at all improbable that between this writing and the hour appointed for their execution they will be moved from point to point, so that their possible suicidal intent will be that much balked in any event.

But, after all, the point remains that Lingg, in whose cell was found four bombs only sixty hours ago, who was taken out and stripped, and put into clothes that he never saw before, and who has had no communication with any person outside the jail, or with any visitor whatever, save that he was permitted to speak across the space, some twelve feet in width, in some way or other managed to conceal not only the explosive material with which he mutilated and destroyed himself, but enough besides to upset and overturn the entire institution. The Sheriff's idea is somewhat similar to that which I expressed above, that the material was concealed somewhere about his person, but to the question why wasn't his person searched as well as his clothes, there can, of course, be no satisfactory response. SEARCHING THE CRIMINALS.

But Lingg settled all this speculation. As his pulse fell low and lower convulsions set in. Agonizing vibrations stirred his frame from end to end, and, instead of passing beyond the lins to join the great majority peacefully and quietly as he might have done, he experienced some such arony as the men he murdered in May, 1885, experienced, and knew in his own existence the horrors and the infamies producible by the explosives, in the making and combining of which he was so skilful an expert. Pity for Lingg as an entity? Oh, no! Pity for the poor sufferer, covered with his own blood, struggling—involuntarily, but struggling all the same—racked with agony, every nerve strung to its utmost tension by the ferceness of pain, whose ferceity cannot be described.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH HIS BODY?

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH HIS BODY?

of pain, whose ferceity cannot be described.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH HIS BODY?

The question to-night is what shall be done with him. He has no relatives in this country that are known—no friends of special nearness. The young woman who has somewhat dippliantly been spoken of as Lingg's sweethers was not so in any inside sense of the term. She was an acquaintance, and probably a near, if not a dear friend, but it would hardly seem within the limits of propriety to turn his mangled body into her fair hands. Shall the county bury him? If so, when and where? Trite as this suggestion may seem and easy of solution as the problem may be to people who have nothing to do with it, to-night it is a very significant embarrassment, and problem most hard for the officials to solve. It is no pleasant thing to retain the body of that man in the jail precinct to-night. It is no easy matter to remove it unknown to thousands of people who are watching to know precisely what will be done, and this brings up the whole question of a public demonstration on Sunday. There is no known law to prevent it. The law does not permit the Mayor to regulate parades, as it does in New York and all great cities. He can say there shall be no processional parade on this, or on any other day, if he deems it in the interest of public peace; that is, there shall be no great processional parade, on this, or on any other day, if he deems it in the interest of public peace; that is, there shall be no great processional parade, on this, or on any other day, if he deems it is the interest of public peace; that is, there shall be no great processional parade, on this, or on any other day, if he deems it is not the interest of public peace; that is, there shall be no great processional parade, on this, or on any other day, if he deems it is not the interest of public peace; that is, there shall be no great processional parade, on the processional parade, on the processional parade on this, or on any other day, if he deems it is not the interest of public p

the condemned men.

COUNSELLING PEACE AND QUIET.

The police are all the more embarrassed in considering the question of Sunday's funeral by reason of the apparently peaceable intentions and the unquestioned and ungetaroundable peaceable attitude at the present time of the men who would be looked to for the trouble if there would be any, as, for instance, the Arbeiter Zeitung, which, without unfair judgment, may be considered the organ of the Anarchists. It admonishes beace and order to reign within the borders of this city. Any attempt at violence and riot would make the fate of the unfortunate fellows more tragic. It certainly could not soften it, while the best way that men who are honest in their socialistic doctrines—and there are very many of them believing that labor is the under dog and greatly wronged by capital—the best way for them to serve their cause is by obedience on this occasion. Every possible precaution will be taken to compet this condition, and it will redound very greatly to the credit of the talkers on the lake front if their brains suggest this course to their ordinarily active tongues and somewhat overfree bearing in the presence of their fellow citizens.

The talk about the great labor demonstration to-morrow was bosh. Every one, so far as I can see, judge, or infer, is impressed with a sense of the solemnity of the occasion and the duty of the hour. There is a great deal of human nature in people out here, and I find Thomas, Richard, Henry, and Harry are just as anxious here as they have always been in New York and in every other place occupied by civilized man. COUNSELLING PRACE AND QUIET.

BADGERING THE OFFICIALS.

civilized man.

BADGERING THE OFFICIALA.

Gov. Oglesby in Springfield and Sheriff Matson in Chicago have for the past week sustained a burden of public pressure that cannot well be exaggerated. Oglesby, on the one hand, has been badgered and bullied and everything but hustled by the friends of the Anarchists; while the Sheriff has been bombarded in his home and forced into the very interior sanctum of his office by a multitudinous array of men from all sections of the country, from all grades of life, and in every possible occupation, clamoring for entrance to the jail to-morrow morning. Many men have an idea that an execution is a most impressive affair. On the contrary, it is a very tame and common incident in civilized society. So long as the condemned man stands with head uncovered it is, indeed, a scene calculated to stir the kindliest feelings in every observer's heart; but when the black cap is drawn and the face is concealed, it is impossible to consider from any point of view the figure standing or the figure when lifted high in air as that of the human being. That, by the way, is a very remarkable physichologic fact. In order to appreciate the humanity of the man about to suffer, it is absolutely essential that one should see his face.

TO-DAY'S DRAMA IN THE JAIL YARD,

The only striking part of the forthcoming exhibition will be its numerical quantity. Obviously no great number of witnesses can be present. The jail yard is very small. The scaffold will be the ordinary size of that instrument, and the attendants will be more numerous, so that there will not be room for the customary number of spectators. The Sheriff. I think, has made very judicious arrangements. He has issued passes, first to twelve men, known as the Sheriffs quota, who are to assist in that capacity as a kind of coroneristic body to certify to the legal death of the condemned; also to the lawyers in the case, who, it is not probable will care to attend nersonally, and they are not transferable; to one repre-TO-DAY'S DRAMA IN THE JAIL YARD. demned; also to the lawyers in the case, who, it is not probable, will care to attend nersonally, and they are not transferable; to one representative from each Chicago paper, to one representative from each significant paper in the ten largest cities of the country, and two, I understand, to elergymen.

By the way, that clergyman factor in gather

interesting. The men condemned are agnostics as I understand it. They do not deny the existence of God; thay simply don't know anything about it, in which particular they differ chiefly from the rest of us in saying that they don't know anything about it while others who do not know anything more about it than they do pretend to know a great deal. Clerymen were in the jail to-day, and were permitted to talk with the Anarchists, who listened to them respectfully. Fielden confesses to some relisious ideas, but he and his ideas will remain on earth for some time to come. It makes very little difference. A cleryman by the name of Bolton talked with him and also with Schwab and Spies. He was there perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Schwab, who we all think will not be hanged, has an idea that there is not any God, while Spies, who has made a somewhat theatric trader, unnecessary under the circumstances, of his life as a vicarious offering in the interest of the others, thinks that when we die we become component parts of nature, and that is all there is about it. Ling, i remember, said some little time ago to his latinful friend. Oaborne; I am an Anarchist a Bocialist, and a revolutionist. There is no future. I will not saim. Still these ministers are doing what they think they ought to. I suppose, and the condemned men are acting simply like men of the word, who do not care to be rude with people of their profession.

In view of the crowded condition of this city, and, further, in view of the semicate coming tomorrow of thousands of some from all over the State, the best news to sent out to-night is concerning that labor dembestration of tomorrow. It's a fact that the Executive Committee of the Central Labor Union have advised the members of the union to abstain from work to-morrow, but they say expressly that that action was taken as a mark of respect to these unfortunate men, an assertion which the arranged proparations. Gen. Terry declines to take a shout his arranged proparations of Gen. Fitzy declines to take

the peace, which they, in all events, will endeavor to enforce.

As soon as the Sheriff received the Governor's ultimatum he notified Fielden and Schwab to get ready for a trip to Joilet, and in less than a twinkling of an eye they were out and off, and not a soul of the entire anarchistical body located here and hereabouts knew a thing about it. They were not particularly jolly, however, and if I am any judge of physiogenomy, they were not especially surprised either. Certainly no one in Chloago was.

The city is quiet. Intense excitement dominates the town. What the morrow will bring forth'no one knows. The Sheriff will bring his four victims out not far from mid-day, and then farewell to all their greatness. Howard.

HOWARD.

GOV. OGLESBY'S DECISION.

He Commutes the Sentences of Floiden and Schwab to Life Impersonment. SPRINGPIELD, Nov. 10.—The announcement

Schwab, spread like wildfire this evening, and the greatest excitement naturally prevailed. Much speculation had been indulged in during the day, and since noon the impression had been prevalent that the sentence of Fielden and Schwab would be commuted, and possibly that of Spies or Parsons. The decision cannot be said to have been by any means a surprise here, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Governor's action meets with general approval. The following is the text of the decision:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, On the 20th day of August 1888, in the Cook county Criminal Court, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lings were found guilty by the verdict of the der of Matthias J. Degan.

to the Supreme Court of the State. That court upon a final hearing and after mature deliberation, unanimous-ly affirmed the judgment of the court below. The case now comes before me by potition of the defendants for consideration as Governor of the State. If the letters of Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer,

George Engel, and Louis Lings, demanding "unconditional release," or, as they express it, "liberty or death," or commutation of the sentence pronounced against them, can be considered petitions, pardon, could it be granted, which might imply any guilt whatever upon the part of either of them, would not be such a vindication as they demand.

Executive intervention upon the grounds insisted upon

by the four above named persons could in no proper sense be deemed an exercise of the constitutional power to grant reprieves, commutations, and pardons unless based upon the belief on my part of their entire innocence of the crime of which they stand convicted.

A careful consideration of the evidence in the record of the trial of the parties, as well as of all alleged and

claimed for them outside of the record, has failed to claimed for them outside of the record, has failed to produce upon my mind any impression tending to im-peach the verdiet of the jury or the judgment of the indicated and the supreme Ceurt affirming the guilt of all these parties. Satisfied, therefore, as I am of their guilt, I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons. Adolph Pischer, George Engel, and Louis Lings to im-prisonment in the neutronizar, as they emphalically de-

prisonment in the penitentiary, as they emphatically de-

clare they will not accept such commutation.

Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, and August Spicas
unite in a petition for "Executive clemency." Fielden
and Schwab, in addition, present separate and suppleand Schwab, in addition, present separate and supple-mentary petitions for the commutation of their sen-tences. While, as said above, I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties, as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgments of the courts, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Sam-uel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them in the interest of humanity and without each of them in the interest of humanity and without doing violence to public justice. And as to the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwah, the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the pentientlary for life. As to all the other above named defendants, I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendant Au gust Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons, and Louis Lings, I regret to say that under the sol-

The following is a copy of the instrument officially commuting the sentences of Fielden STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Richard J. Oylesby, Governor of Illinois, to the Sheris of Cook County: Greeting: Whereas Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab were convicted at the June term. A. D. 1886, of the Criminal Court of Cook county, of the crime of mur-der, and were sentenced therefor to be hanged; and Whereas, it has been presented to me by divers good citizens of said county that said samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab are fit and propor subjects for Execu-

Now, know ye that I, Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois, by authority in me vested by the Constitution of this State, do by these presents commute the sentence of the said Samual Fielden and Michael Schwab to imprisonment in the pentientiary for life.

In testimony whereof, I hereto set my hand and cause to be affixed the great seal of State.

Done at the city of Springfield this tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and two fith.

E. J. Oalssay, Governor. LERRY D. Denist, Secretary of State. Since the public announcement of the decision, the Governor has remained in his study

business which has accumulated while the allsorbing pardon case was pending. He is evidently giving no heed whatever to the great volume of threatening letters he has received. as the lights are shining brightly from the win-dows of the Executive Mansion, and everything has its wonted appearance. Four police-men are, however, keeping a close lookout

thing has its wonted appearance. Four policemen are, however, keeping a close lookout around the Mausion, and will doubtless continue to do so nightly until some time after the execution of the condemned men.

Of the four or five of the Anarchists' friends who remained in the dity over to-day all but one or two left on the 9 o'clock train for Chicago immediately after receiving the news of the Governor's decision. Hepresentative Rohrbach and President Oliver of the Amnesty Association were first informed of the decision immediately after its announcement, and expressed great astonishment that more of the condemned men had not received elemency. Rohrbach and Oliver could hardly crealt the news, and, when emphatically informed of its authenticity, appeared greatly downcast, and refused at once to express any further opinion, on the subject. George Schilling expressed mingled disappointment and disgust on hearing the news, but prudently abstained from any forcible expression of opinion. His chagrin was more apparent in his action than in bis words, and he, too, after fully appreciating the import of the intelligence, lapsed into a stubbornly uncommunicative state, The last of the Anarchists friends left for Chicago on the midnight train.

LINGG CHEATS THE GALLOWS. Me Blows Of a Part of his Head with a Dynamite Cap.

By the Associated Press.
CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—While Deputy O'Neill, the guard on duty in front of Lingg's cell, was before 9 o'clock this morning there was a loud explosion, and the stalwart guard stood stupe-fled, while a puff of blue smoke from the dark recess behind crossed his shoulder. Then ensued a wild rush of deputies, the clanging of iron gates, and above the confusion and din the hoarse shouting of the guard: "It's Lingg! It's Lingg! That came from Lingg!"

A turnkey flung the cell door open, and two excited deputies jumped in. Their eisculations of horror brought the other guards quickly within the cell. An age of agony and suspense was passed by the jail inmates in the cells above and around. There was a shuffling of feet on the stone floor, and then the hundreds of strained eyes watching down through the iron netting and bars saw a group of guards in shirt sleeves struggling across the dimly lighted area, bearing by legs and arms the body of a man between them. The upturned face was a huge clot of blood, but the turnkey who tightly into the unmistakable brown curling ringlets of the bomb maker. Louis Lingg.

The big key of Jailer Folz grating in the main lock interrupted for a moment the sound of pattering blood on the white stone pavement. There was a creaking of rusty hinges, and the Anarchists and common jail birds had gazed their last on Lings. A few steps brought the huddled up cortege to the bathroom of the jail, a stuffy little apartment scarcely ten feet squara. Lingg was dumped on the floor with scant tenderness by the men who have been daily half expecting to meet their death at his

To all appearances the Anarchist was dead. His lithe, athletic form was clothed only in a short shirt, and the brawny limbs seemed rigid. brown curis, and one glance showed how Lings had striven with dynamite to blow off his head. The entire lower half of the once handsome face was gone, including the upper lip and jaw and the lower part of the nose. Where it had been was now a Jagged, bloody gap, extending

scross to the ears and down to the throat.
"Open your eyes, Lingg," exclaimed the jail doctor, who had just reached the room, To the astonishment of the bystanders Lingg's eyes opened and looked calmly about him. He was immediately raised to a table and propped up with pillows, and was washed hurriedly. Cloth bandages were rassed around the lower part of the face and around the top of the head, hiding all but the nose, eyes, and forehead, all loose, dangling bones and flesh being first cut away.

DEPUTY O'NEILL'S STORY. Deputy Sheriff O'Neill told this story to a re-porter. This deputy has been stationed direct-ly in front of Ling's cell, and Deputy Engel-hardt was his brother officer. Said O'Neill: "At 8:40 o'clock everything in the jail was quiet. The common prisoners were taking their breakfast in the usual manner. Jailer Conrad Folz, having driven from his home in the north side, entered the jail at the hour mentioned. His first question was as to how Lingg felt. I replied that the prisoner was very quiet this morning. I had my back to the door of his cell, but, to assure myself, turned about and looked into the enclosure. Lingg was lying down on his cot. There was a candle burning on his table. The use of a candle has been allowed him for some time. Jailer Folz went into his private office, which is about twenty feet from the cage in which Lingg's cell is. A moment later there was an explosion. To my mind it was such an explosion as would be occasioned by the discharge of a double-barrelled shotgun heavily loaded with sing shot.

be occasioned by the discharge of a double-barrelled shotgun heavily loaded with slug shot.

"Immediately I. Engelhardt, and deputies Egan and Hogan jumped to the door of the cell. At the moment of the explosion Jailer Folz ran out of the office and came to our assistance. At this moment we saw a few wreaths of smoke coming out of the cell occupied by Lingg. The prisoner was on the floor. The lower part of his face was such a mass of blood that the features were unrecognizable. Blood was scattered over the floor, on the cot, in places on the wall, and the body of the suicide was covered with it.

"Deputy Egan was immediately despatched to the doctor's apartments. When the doctor came to the jail proper he saw at once that the case was one which he could not safely handle alone. He sent a messenger around to Dr. Fenger's house, a few blocks away. Dr. Fenger is a skilled surgeon. As soon as he arrived he ordered Lingg taken to another room. The one selected was the bathroom of the jail. The dying man was carried to this apartment by myself and the three deputies mentioned. He was placed on a table. By this time three other physicians had arrived. One dressed the tongue was-left and was attached to the palate. This fell back into the throat stopping Lingg's breathing. The physician pulled this back, and a string was attached which was held by a deputy, thus allowing respiration. While this was going on another surgeon had a syringe in his hands and frequently injected portions of brandy, and again doses of sait. Morphine injections were also given."

Jailer Conrad Folz thus explains the manner in which Lings took his life: "Lings in some way became possessed of a dynamite cap. This cap is between one and one and a heli linches long. It is made of copper, and the outer end is plugged up with a pleco of lead. The copper for at least half an inch is filled with dynamite. Then a small portion is filled with dynamite. Then a small portion is filled with full minating powder. Into this powder runs a fuse made of braided cloth. In my opinion Lings, while lying in bed, reached out his hand, took from his table the lighted candle, then placed the explosive in his mouth with the fuse outward. This he placed to the candle, and his mortal wound followed."

WAITING SIX HOURS FOR DEATH. THE PATAL DYNAMITE CAP. WAITING SIX HOURS FOR DEATH.

WAITING SIX HOURS FOR DEATH.

The gutta percha mouth of a fountain syringe was inserted with a doctor's finger into the great hole left by the dynamite. By this method water and brandy were administered. This was repeated at intervals. Lings meanwhile gazing steadfastly about him watching every move of those in the room, but apparently indifferent to what they did and caring nothing about the almost ceaseless slamming of the door only a few feet distant. Every row and then, without any seeming immediate cause, a fearful hollow grouning would sound through the bandages. Listeners, aghast, would abandon the room only to give place to a new set

the bandages. Listeners, aghast, would abandon the room only to give place to a new set not yet weakened by the horrors within the death chamber.

Lingg moved his long, sinewy right arm easily—his left hand was torn by the dynamite—and without trouble wrote in German simple directions as to raising him higher or the like. Beyond a glance of recognition to Capt. Black, who came into the room for a moment and said "Poor, poor fellow," there was nothing to break the horrible agony of six mortal hours' wait for death's approach.

to-the telephones, falling one over another down the narrow stairway to the court yard in their efforts to tell the news first. While the reporters were tumbling and running the doctor raised Lings's right arm, it fell back on the table limp. An attendant's right and left forafingers were laid on Lings's forehead and pushed the eyelids shut. In a moment the little room was empty of all but the ghastly corpse of the bombmaker. Louis Lings.

All day yesterday it was thought that Lings acted differently from usual. On Tuesday night he gave out his "farewell address," which was written for the Alarm, Parsons's old paper. In it he recited at length his grievances, and closed as follows:

"Now, with a last and earnest farewell to all friends and comrados, and with final wishes for their prosperity, I close, in view of the certainty that I shall never have the chance of seeing you again, my beloved comrades, with an earnest and hearty wish for your future success in life. Your comrade, Hoch die Americal.

LAUGHING OVER THE NEWSPAPERS.

LAUGHING OVER THE NEWSPAPERS.

Testerday, when one of the guar is told him that the newspapers had published his letter to D. D. Lum, the young bomb manufacturer, he expressed a strong desire to "read it in English." Jailer Folz consented, and Lingg slowly plodded through the translation. Engelhardt speaks German, and, when appealed to, gave Lingg the meaning of English words in German. The doomed man said that the letter was an admirable translation of the original. Turning to another page of the paper his eye caught the line: "Lingg will surely hang." Calling Engelhardt he asked: What is the meaning of this word S-U-R-E-L-Y in German? Engelhardt told him, and Lingg, laughing, observed: "So, so, I will S-U-R-L-Y hang." His manner was such that Engelhardt joined in the laugh. "Say" called Lingg to a reporter. "did you see my Madchen?" He was told that Eda Mueller had not been seen, and his next query was: "Has my sweetheart gone to Springfield?" This was answered in the affirmative. He seemed pleased, but remarked that, if he could have seen her, he would have told her to stay at home.

Deputy O'Neill declared that Lingg was the coolest man in Cook county jail. He was very pale, but his appetite was good and he slept well.

While the centrally thought around the infi

pale, but his appetite was good and he slopt well.

HIS LAST INTERVIEW WITH CAPT. BLACK.

While it is generally thought around the jail now that Lingg had all along determined on ending his own life in some tragic manner. It is also believed that for some reason he committed the act sooner than he intended. Last Tuesday, when Capt. Black was leaving the jail on his way to Springfield. Lingg called him to the grating opposite his cell, and in broken English asked him to see that he had some clean linen sent him, and he also was very particular that it should be arranged that a messenger who brought him his clean clothes should take away his solied things. "All right: I'll attend to it." said Capt. Black. "What shall ide for you at Springfield?" Lingg shook his head and said: "Do not forget the clothes." When Jailer Folz told Parsons that Lingg had killed himself Parsons exclaimed. "Great God, is that so?"

"Yes, it's a fact." was the reply.

"Well, my God." exclaimed Parsons. "I wish I had some dynamite myself. I would kill myself only too quickly." August Spless was then informed of the tragedy.

"I expected nothing eise," said Sples, quietly, Ever since the finding of the bombs in his cell last Sunday I was satisfied that if it was possible he would make away with himself. For my own and my comrades' sake, I am glade he is out of the way.

Schwab became deeply depressed. He walked up and down his cell with his bead on his breast. Engel and Fischer refused to talk to their keeper, but were evidently almost overwhelmed by the tragedy.

Jailer Folz and his son Otto, who acts as chief turnkey at the jail, were very much depressed this evening over the event of the day. Mr. Folz was asked to explain the way in which Lingg had kept his dynamite cap. from the eyes of his keepers. Said he:

"I have a theory. You know that Lingg had a very bushy head of hair. It is not without the bounds of possibility that he placed the cap in his locks and kept it is not without the bounds of possibility that he placed the cap in his HIS LAST INTERVIEW WITH CAPT. BLACK.

INVITED TO THE HANGING.

About 300 cards of admission to the execution have been issued by Sheriff Matson out of
at least a thousand applications. The persons
favored with these cards are members of the
press, all the Judges of the courts city and
county officials, all members of the Anarchist
pury who are in the city and wish to attend, the
special jury provided by law, the members of
the Grand Jury which returned the original
indictments counsel for the condemned men,
a few clergymen, and a number of prominent
citizens.

a two clergymen, and a number of prominent citizens.

At midnight the preparations at the jail are well forward and all will be in readiness. The cards of admission name 10 o'clock in the morning as the hour of execution, and it is ex-pected the trap will be sprung about 11 o'clock. Sheriff Matson has no expectation of any further message from the Governor, and does not believe that anything can possibly occur to interface with the execution.

not believe that anything can possibly occur to interfere with the execution.

A delegation which arrived at the jail at 10:35 o clock created a ripple of excitement. It consisted of Gen, Fitzsimmons, commanding the First Brigade of the Illinois National Guard; Lieut-Gov. Smith and his staff, composed of Col. Clarke, Col. Buchanan, Col. Potter, and Lieut, Lovejoy. They were escorted into the cell room by Chief Deputy Sheriff Gleason and talked to the Anarchists. STILL AWAKE AT MIDNIGHT.

At 11% o'clock the condemned men were still awake and talking to their guards. Parsons was in the cell furthest to the east, Fischer was in the next to the west, Engel in the adjoining one, and Spies next. Fielden and Schwab paced up and down their ceils.

A few minutes after 11 o'clock Deputy Peters came away from Engel's cell with the air of a man who had just left an agreeable entertainment. The cause of this was discovered to be a select assortment of funny stories with which Engel regaled, him. Engel is by no means depressed by the clatter of the carpenters around in the western corridor putting the finishing

a select assortment of funny stories with which Engel regaled him. Engel is by no means depressed by the clatter of the carpenters around in the western corridor putting the finishing touches on the scaffold, where in a few hours he will be a prominent actor.

The grim terrors of the ranidly passing hours seem to have no effect on him. In the course of his conversation with Peters he indulged in a sneer at the cowardice exhibited by severai of his doomed fellows. He said: "Here are a good many loud takers among us; and the ones that talked loudest were the first to weaken when it came to the scratch."

On being asked as to his own view of his coming doom, he threw up his hands, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, said: "You see me." There is hardly a doubt that he will march upon the fatal platform and step out into eternity with the reckless courage of a brute.

At midnight Parsons is still awake, and pacing his cell with restless step. Occasionally his sharp face shows up in the glare of the lantern in front of his door, and the light in his cyes seems brighter than in the early evening. Fischer and spies sit on their beds well back from the cell doors, and say but little.

Reporters from all the city papers are at the jail, except the Arbeiler Zeitung, which has so long been the organ of the Chicago Anarchists. So far as can be learned, no application for admission has been made by any one from that paper.

ENGEL'S WIFE GAVE HIM THE POISON.

ENGL'S WIFE GAVE HIM THE POISON.

Deputy Sheriff Adolph Mueller had a talk with Fischer and Engel during the evening. Mueller says that the two men discussed Lingg's suicide freely. Both of them declared that thoy wished they had a chance to follow Lingg's example. They would infinitely prefer to take their own lives than to suffer the shameful death allotted to them. Engel also discussed his own attempt at suicide, which he made on Saturday night by taking laudanum and morphine pills. He said his wile gave him the bottle about a year ago, and he added that he wished he had used the poison before it lost its strength.

In to-day's Arbeiter Zeitung appears an editorial to the effect that Lingg was driven to suicide by his so-called friends, the persons who tried to have him declared insane in the County Court. Among them the Zeitung places W. M. Salter, who has been engineering the petitions for commutation of the sentence: H. B. Lloyd, the Spies family, and Spies himself, as well as Dr. Kiernan, who made the affidavit that Lingg was insane. ENGEL'S WIPE GAVE HIM THE POISON

SANGUINARY TALK.

Among the stories which are floating around Among the stories which are floating around the hall is one which seems to soint to come concerted action by the outside Anarchists. A saloon keeper whose place is a few blocks from the jail says that last night at a late hour three men came into his saloon. With two of them he was acquainted as being well known Chicago Anarchists.

The third person was a stranger. In the saloon they had a long private consultation, and as they were getting ready to leave the stranger said: "Nothing will happen on Thursday night or Friday might the execution is going on, but Friday night the police will be tired and away from the jail, and then the fun will come."

come.

He also said the delegations of Anarchista would visit the nowspaper offices and treat them to a sensation. This sangulary person was a large ferman wearing a full beard.

Shortly after midnight a messenger arrived at the jall with a telegram for Spies. It was from his brother, and bade him meet his fate with firmness.

PRICE TWO CENTS. CHICAGO'S TERRIBLE DAY.

Correspondent's Account of the Anxiety and Excitement.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10 .- The fate of the six Anarchists who remained after the death by sufcide of Louis Lingg, which occurred shortly before 8 o'clock this afternoon, has been de-cided by Gov. Ogles-

hanged in accordinal verdict, and two for life. The four who will pay the death penalty for their share in the Haymarket bomb horror of May 4, 1886, are August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Geo. Engel, and Adolph

Fischer, while the two whose senten commuted to life imprisonment are Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab. Such is the final no appeal.

The news of the Governor's decision reached the street about 7 P. M., and found a city full of people in feverish expectancy. Not a rich man sat down to his 6 o'clock dinner to-night, and not a laboring man joined his family at the frugal meal which marks the end of a day's work, but wondered as he ate what was to be the fate of the six condemned men. All day long people had talked and thought of nothing else. The influence of the sinister situation was visible in every department of human action. Never, since the riots of July, 1877, or the great fire of October, 1871, has Chicago been so absorbed in the consideration of a single topic

As the newsboys appeared on the streets with the evening extras announcing the Governor's action, every corner in the central portions of the city was thronged with people whose sole errand was to learn the news. Many thousands usual prices, and before 9 o'clock the thrilling intelligence so eagerly awaited had become very widely known. The theatres were almost wholly deserted. The billiard tournament opened the evening's play to scarcely more than fifty people.

THE MESSAGE THAT SEALED THEIR PATE.
At 5% o'clock Col. Felton, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, hurried over the way to the Sheriff's office with the fol-

From R. J. Opicsby, Governor, to the Sherif, Cook County:
"The sentences of Fielden and Schwab are commuted to imprisonment for life. Sentence of the other four must stand."

The Sheriff was absent at the moment, but was quickly summoned to his office. His first action was to drive rapidly to the county jail and order extra precautions in the guarding of the four doomed men, each of whom was at once put under double surveillance. Next the Sheriff decided to remove Fielden and Schwab to the Joliet penitentiary on the train which left at 11 o'clock to-night. THE NEWS REACHES THE DOOMED MEN.

The unusual stir in the interior of the jail reached the ears of the condemned, and quite a little before the news of the Governor's action was communicated to them they had sur-mised its purport. Not one of them seemed surprised not one showed a trace of fear or any unusual emotion. Fielden and Schwab were the saddest of the six, and neither could utter a single word when told that his life was to be saved. All were greatly unstrung at the awful death of their comrade, who had breathed his last only two hours before, and the knowledge of their company of the street edge of their own fate seemed for the time to

One of the first steps taken by the Sheriff was the transfer of all the prisoners to the cells they had occupied previous to last Sunday's bomb discovery in Lingg's cell. All were carefully searched while the transfer was being made, and all bore the operation with stoical indifference. Spies muttered under his breath.
"There are no more suicides left."

NINA VAN ZANDT'S FAREWELL.
Nina Van Zandt took her farewell of Spies about 6% o'clock. She was received in the jailer's office by the condemned man. The parting was harrowing, the girl throwing her arms around her lover's neck and crying most pitifully. She was removed by the deputies, and Spies was taken back to his cell to spend his last night on earth as he saw fit, The terrible grief of the girl who had given

him her love almost unsought, and who had for many weary weeks lavished her affection upon him, seemed to move him more than the knowledge of his impending doom. He spoke to her in low tones, with an unusual tinge of tenderness, and when at last the weeping girl turned to go he walked back to his cell with slow steps and bended head.

THE LAST INTERVIEWS.

One by one the wives and relatives of the doomed men hastened to the jail. All were admitted, but their actions were carefully noted by a large force of deputy sheriffs and detectives. Mrs. Parsons, for the first time since the beginning of the trial, showed signs of breaking down. She has perceptibly lost flesh in the last two weeks, but not until tonight has she shown any dimunition of the nervous energy and almost flerce self-control she has maintained throughout. Those who know her best, and who sympathize with her in this fearful time, say she will not break down, but will bear her lot heroically, and live in the hope of avenging what she calls the law's foul murder of an innocent man.

ERECTING THE GALLOWS.
Sheriff Matson issued orders this evening to begin the erection of the scaffold for the execution of the Anarchists, and half a dozen carpenters'and deputies are now putting the machines of death in position. Jailer Folz was in consultation with the Sheriff for half anhour at the jail this evening, and it was agreed that Jailer Folz should adjust the nooses. The First and Second Regiments are drilling at their respective armories to-night, and will be under arms to-morrow in readiness for any disturbance. All of the men have been supplied with forty rounds of ammunition, and the armories will be connected by telegraph with the jail.

THE MEN WHO ESCAPE THE NOOSE. After looking over the situation, Sheriff Matson has concluded that he would not be au-thorized to send Fielden and Schwab to the penitentiary on a mere telegram from the Governor. The Governor's messenger will arrive bringing an official copy of the order of commutation. After that a mittimus will issue, and the men may go down to-morrow or Satregular train in the day time.

The report current this afternoon that the

execution was to take place at daybreak is entirely unwarranted. The sentence of the Supreme Court provides that the execution shall take place between 10 and 4, while the statute provides that it shall occur between 10 and 2. The hour of 11 will probably be selected The day at the jail will long be remembered

Continued on Second Page.

TO-MORROW.

Saturday, November 12th, Will be the last day of the half-price sale for

the balance of broken lots of high grades Overcoats and Suits for men and boys at Messrs, Vogel Brothers', Eighth avenue and Forty-second street.-Adv. Aveid the Wear of Washing Clothe

With old-fashioned rosin song a une Penglish - Alle.